

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 4
Issue 4 *Fall*

Article 2

1973

The Wires

John R. Carpenter

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Carpenter, John R.. "The Wires." *The Iowa Review* 4.4 (1973): 4-4. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1525>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

THE WIRES

Electricity gathers on water,
on rivers and streams. It flows
like water in the wires. We hoard it
in walls and cellars and weave more
copper strands into the wires.

Overnight millions have been added.
A bristling surge of cables spills
from the walls. The air is heavily
charged; the switches turn on
and machines drink deep infusions
from the plugs. The current expires
into the wind, thrilling the darkness.

Lead runs from the fusebox; the outlet
is spitting a four-inch blue flame
and the cat's fur is on end. Lights
swarm on the streets; the darkness
completely disappears. We feel the throb
of an enormous pulse and the sea seethes

with scribbled lines of force. Frontiers
dissolve. It reaches the earth's core
and we throw off waves deep into space,
their peaks and troughs further and further
apart. The planet lights up like a star.
Only the wires are left, braided

into bulging veins among the dials,
spreading from the main arteries
where they are meshed together,
crowding upward in rows into the night—
and silently beating at their feet,
famished for energy, your heart.